

Stefano Zarelli he's an angel in the making  
And he's going straight to Heaven like me

Well that's not what I've heard and as a  
Devil I can say the word's  
That Stefano's as rotten as can be

Well he's a man of the world, Milano,  
California  
Switzerland, Vienna, Japan

Yeah he'll go anywhere the girls can be  
persuaded  
To have sex with a man

Everyone's just a mess of contradictions  
And we all write fictions each day  
Angels and devils are the images we use  
But they don't mean shit, they just hide the truth away

Why not learn to love your contradictions?  
Why not live your life to the full?  
Love the snake beneath the flowers  
'Cause together they're the power  
Of the contradictory beauty of you!

Well he loves Woody Allen and he loves a  
Bossa nova  
And he cooks a pretty good pasta sauce

Woody Allen, exactly, and the sauce is pretty spicy  
Stefano Zarelli's soul is lost

He loves warm places like tropical hothouses  
There's an orchestra that plays in his head

Yeah he loves warm places, like saunas and  
Hades  
And between the legs of every redhead

Stefano Zarelli's just a mass of contradictions  
Like Dr Jeckyll and Mr Hyde  
Angels and devils are the images we use  
But they don't mean shit, they just rule and divide

Why not learn to love your contradictions?  
Why not live your life to the full?  
Love the snake beneath the flowers  
'Cause together they're the power  
Of the contradictory beauty of you!

Your whole life is a mass of contradictions  
And you mix up fiction with truth  
Love the flowers and the force  
'Cause together they're the source  
Of the power and the beauty of you!